

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
As't litle of his will, tell me *Laertes*.
Why thou art thus incens'd, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with litle.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, I'll writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most fencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times sale
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daisie, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this o God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

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